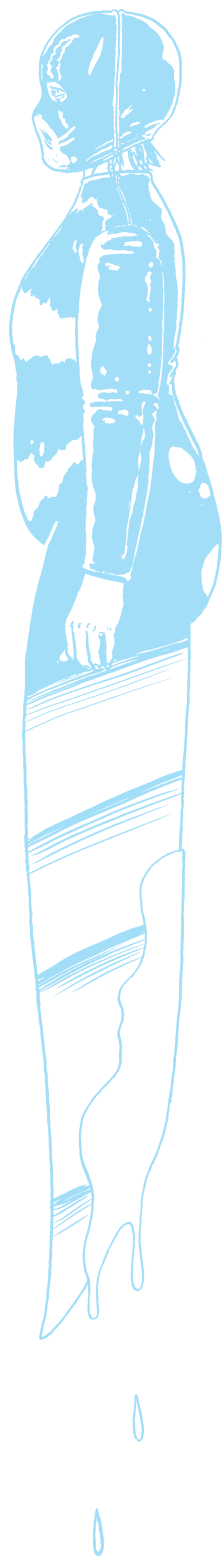


# SLASHER

CHARLES FORSMAN



ONE



***SLASHER ONE BY CHARLES FORSMAN***

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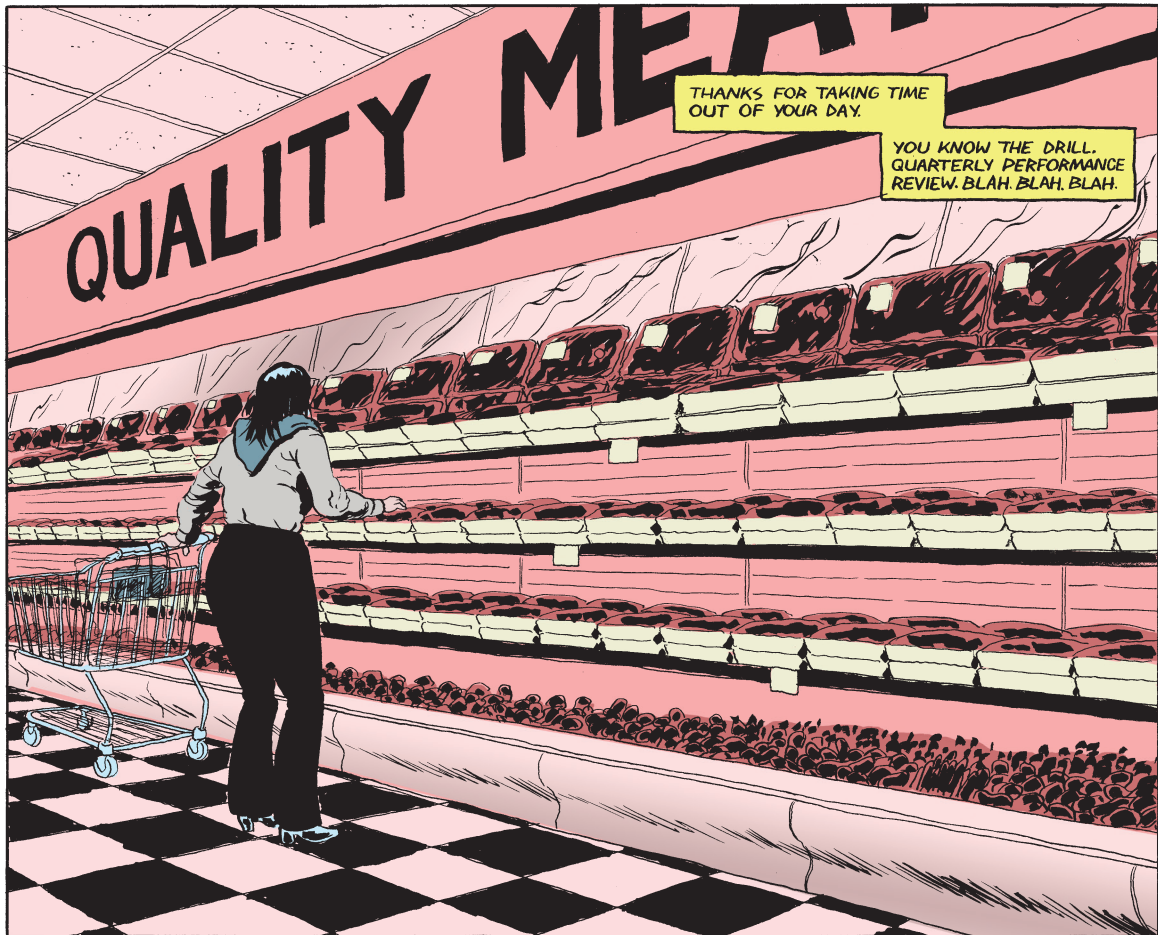
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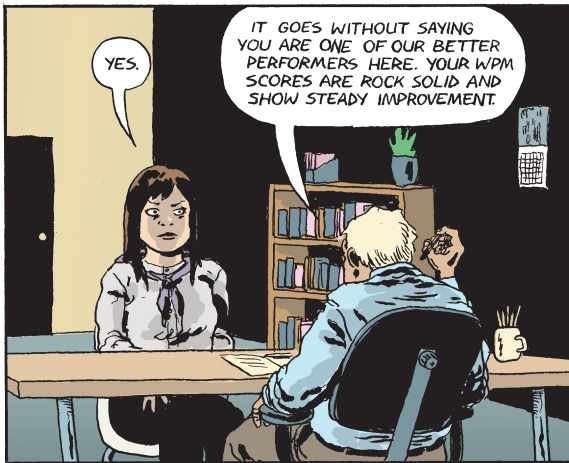
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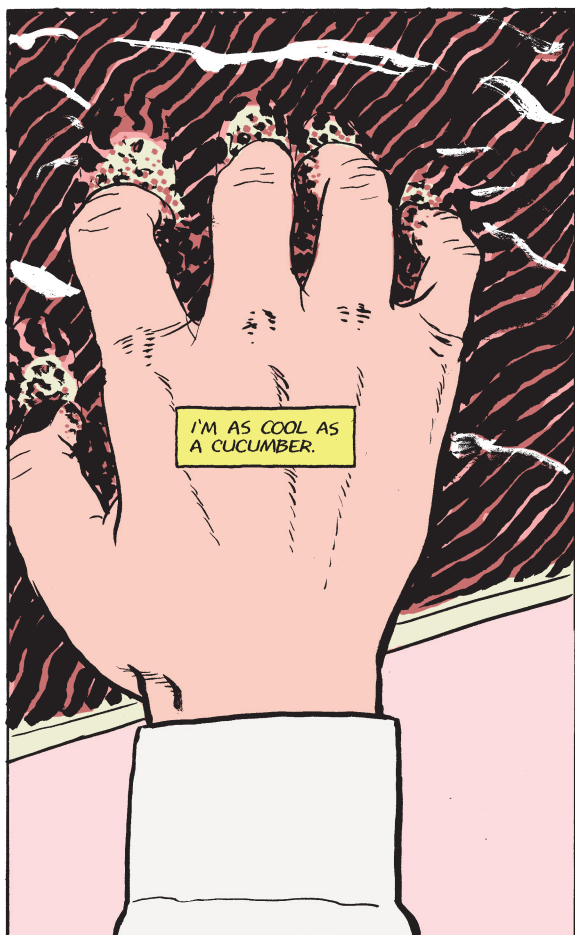
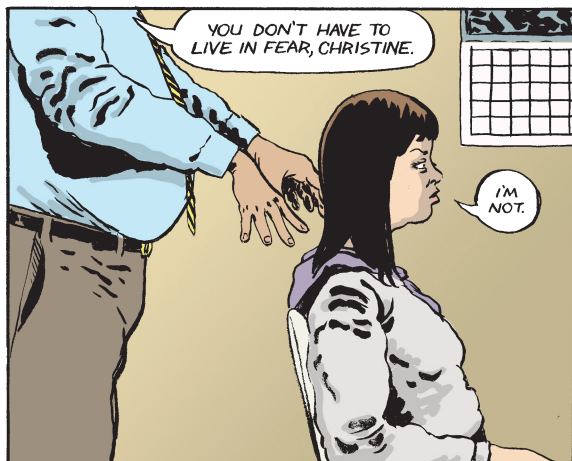


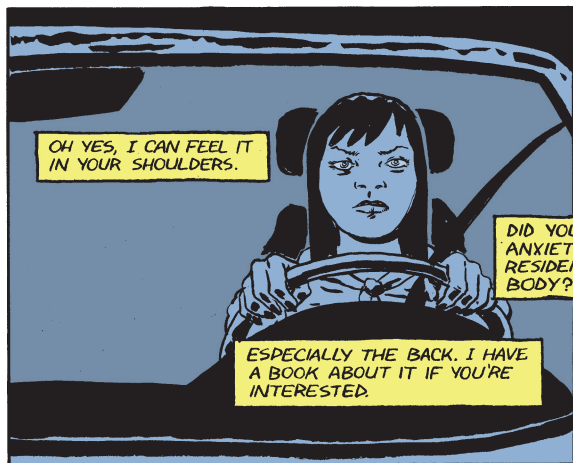
# 1

## MEAT MEN









OH YES, I CAN FEEL IT  
IN YOUR SHOULDERS.

DID YOU KNOW THAT  
ANXIETY CAN TAKE UP  
RESIDENCE IN YOUR  
BODY?

ESPECIALLY THE BACK. I HAVE  
A BOOK ABOUT IT IF YOU'RE  
INTERESTED.



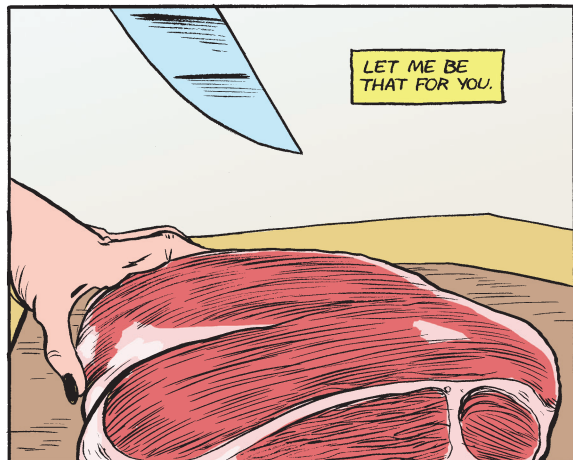
DO YOU HAVE  
A BONUSCARD?

OH  
YEAH.

SO QUIET, I'LL TAKE  
YOUR SILENCE AS A  
GOOD THING.



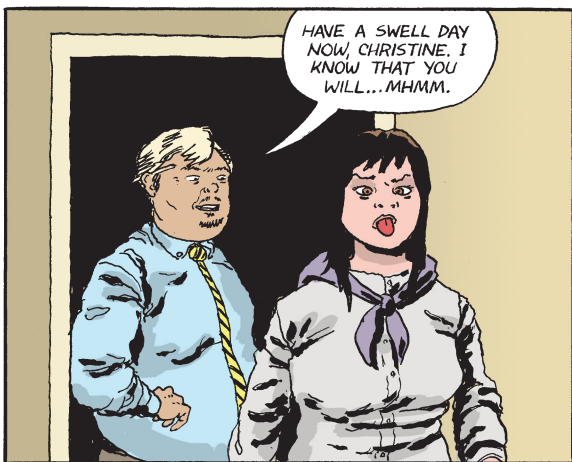
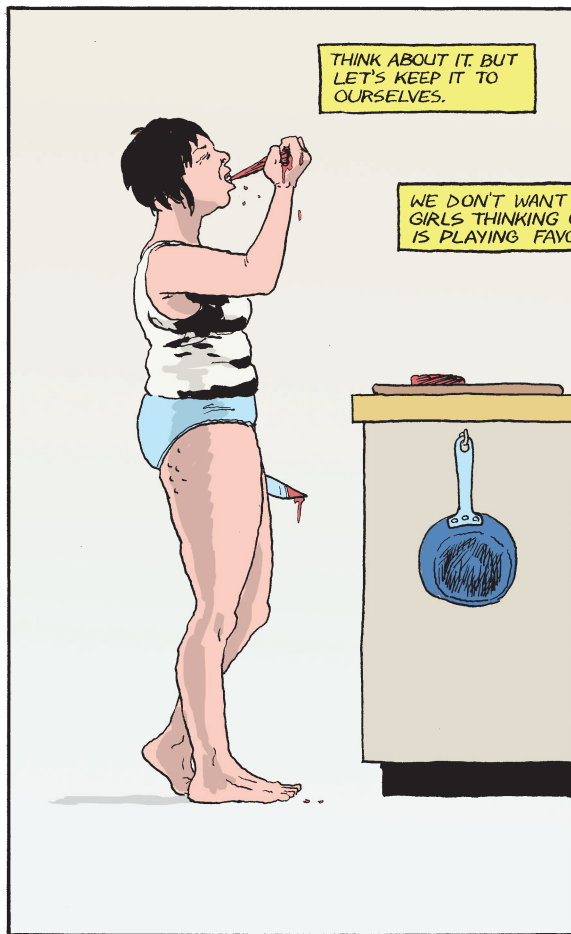
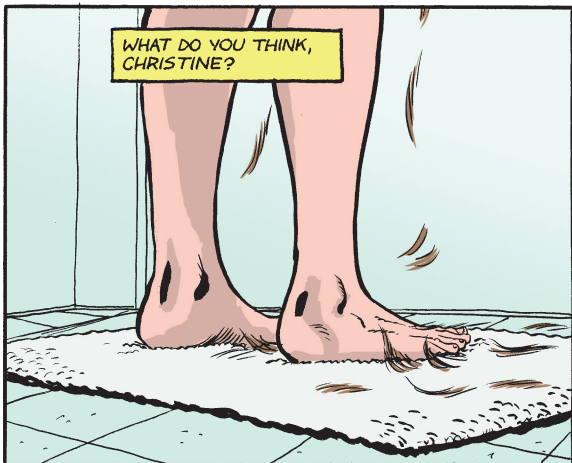
SOMETIMES YOU  
NEED SOMEONE TO  
SWOOP IN AND BE  
YOUR SUPERHERO.



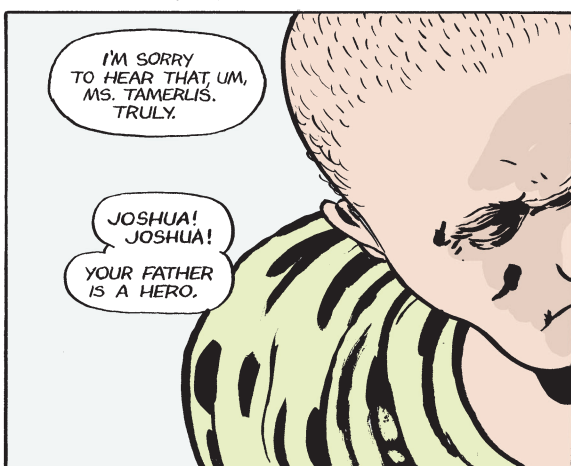
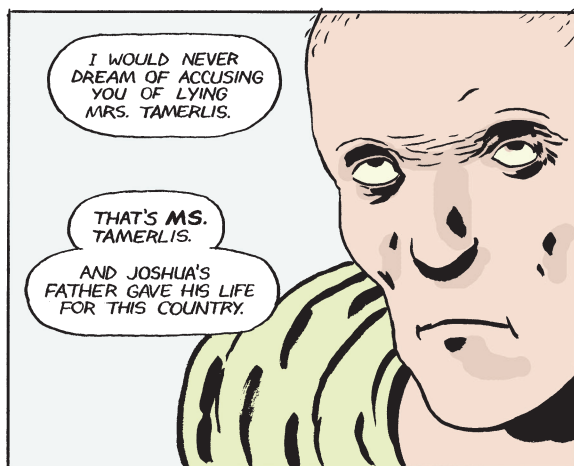
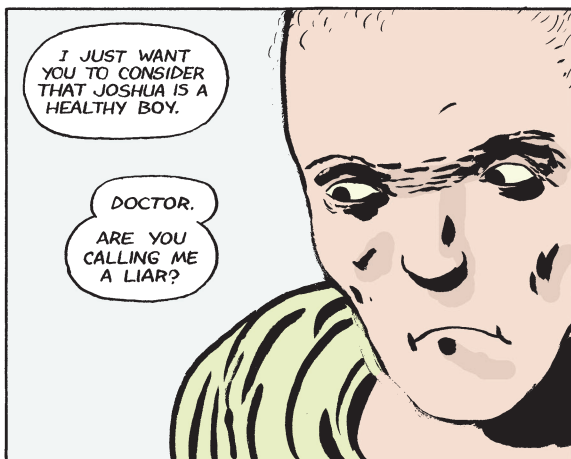
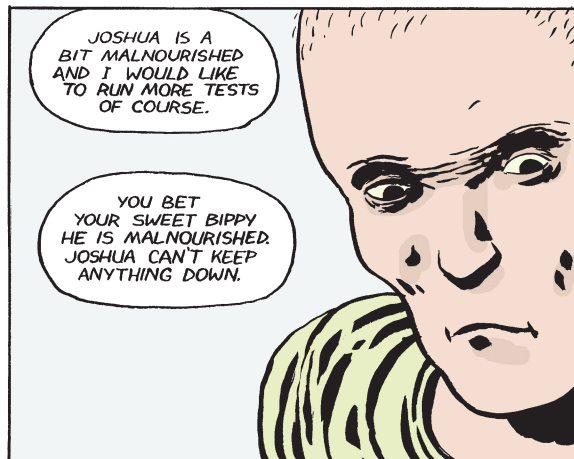
LET ME BE  
THAT FOR YOU.



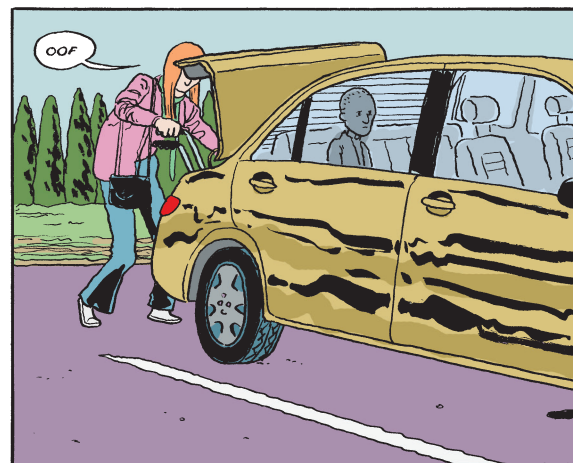
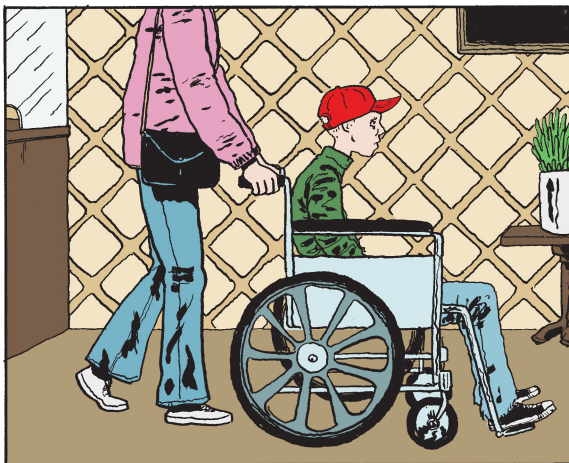
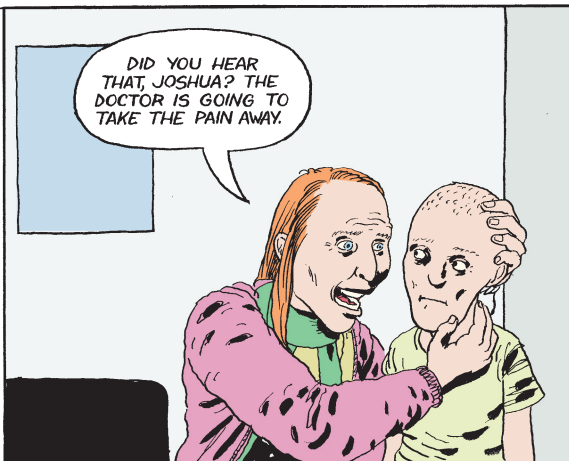
I THINK IT COULD BE AN  
INSANELY MAGICAL EXPERIENCE  
FOR THE BOTH OF US.

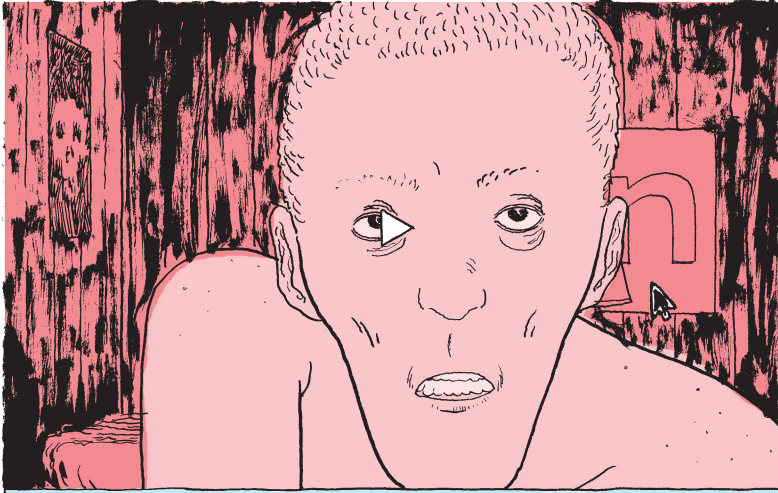












00 00:37 / 08:12



Skinny Dude - knife play

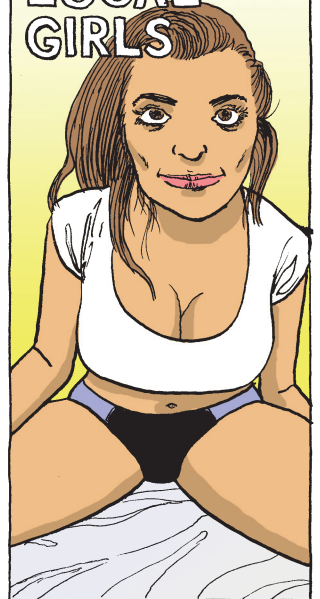
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12 VIEWS



COMMENTS:

MEET  
LOCAL  
GIRLS



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Skinny Dude - knife play

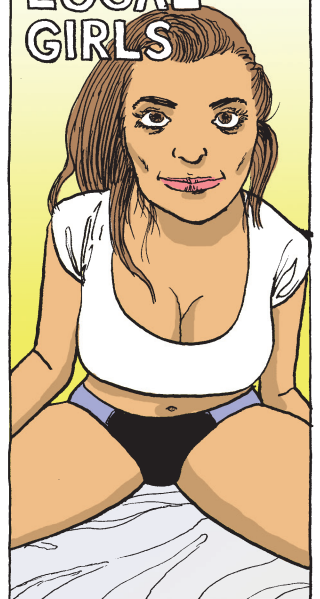
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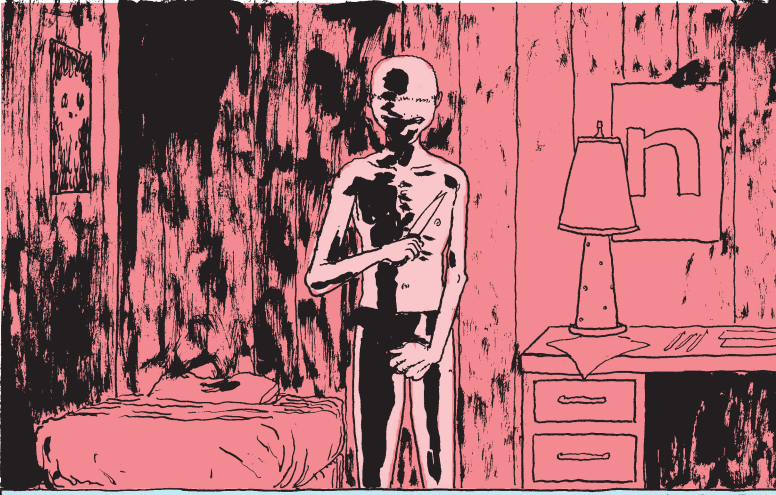
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COMMENTS:

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LOCAL  
GIRLS





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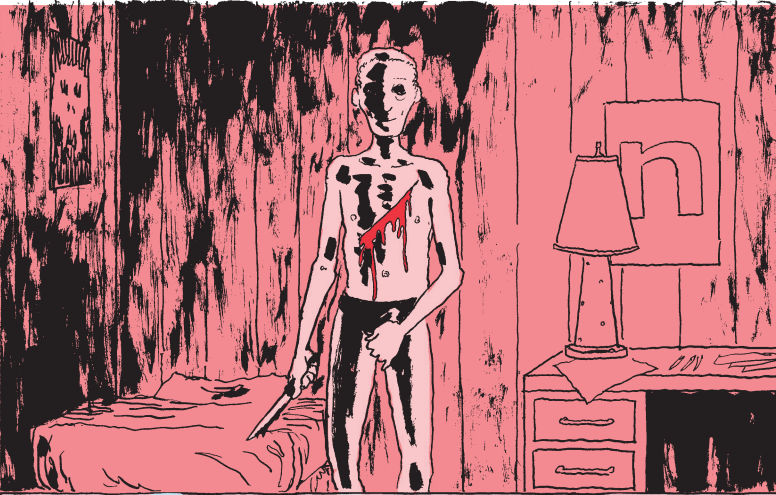
Skinny Dude - knife play

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12 VIEWS



COMMENTS:



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Skinny Dude - knife play

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12 VIEWS



COMMENTS:







07:17/08:12



Skinny Dude - knife play

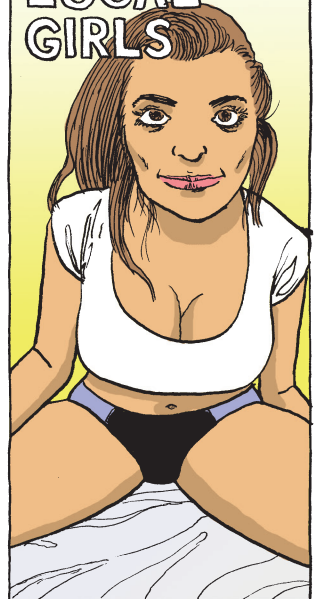
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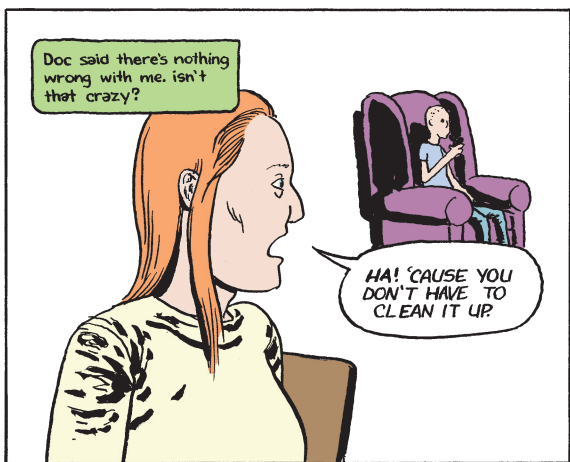
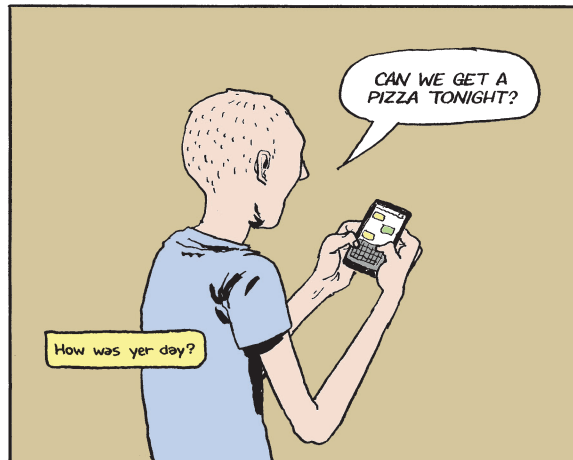
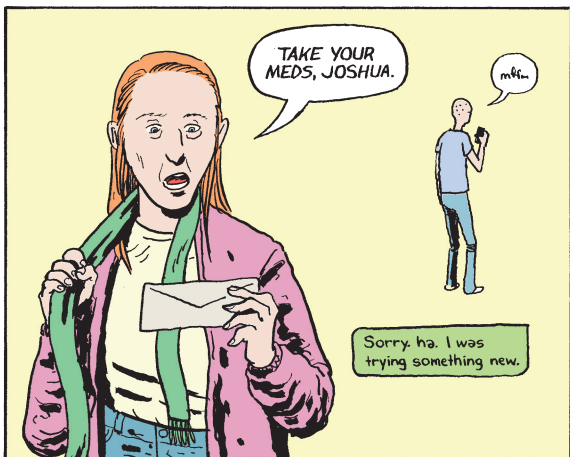
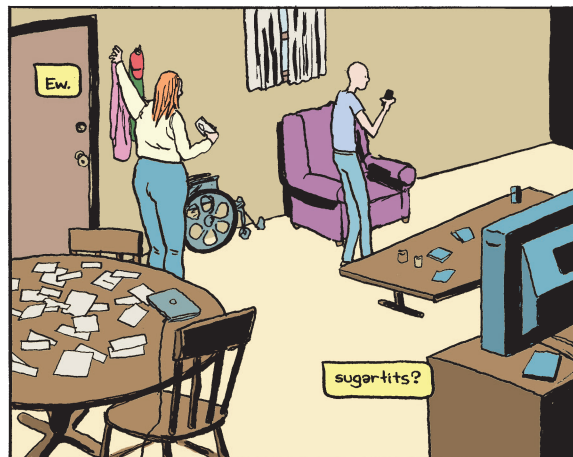
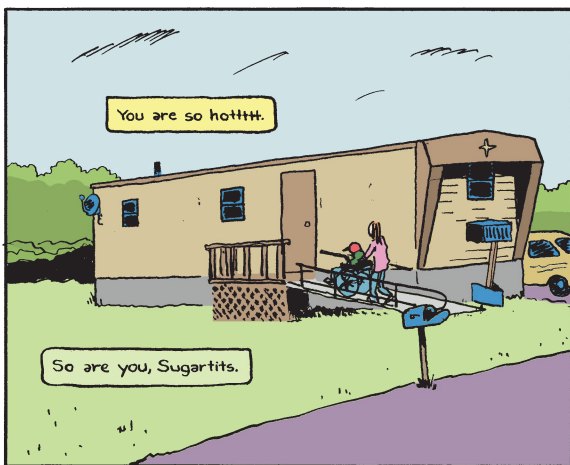


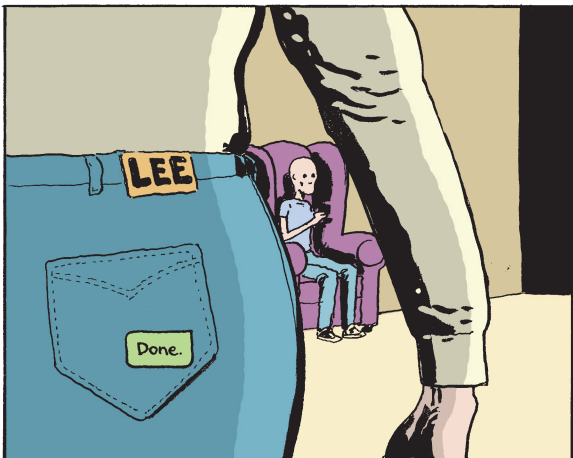
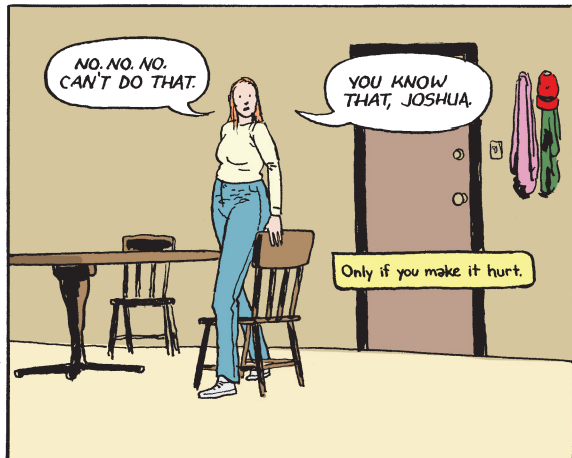
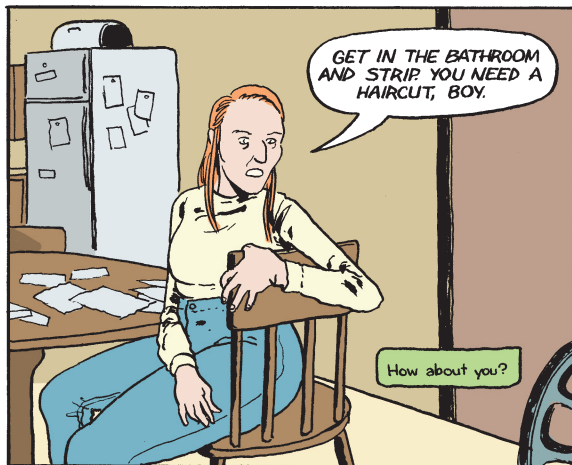
COMMENTS:

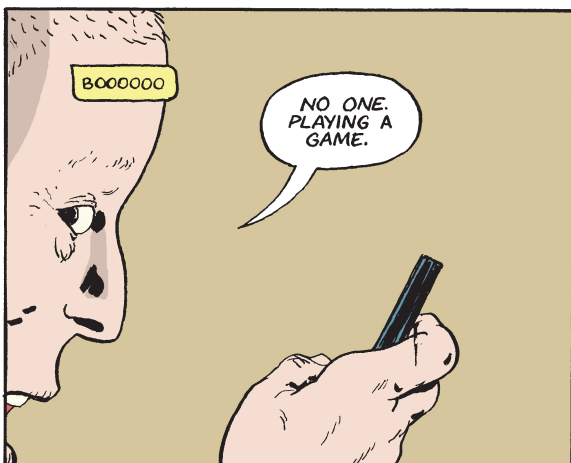
MEET  
LOCAL  
GIRLS









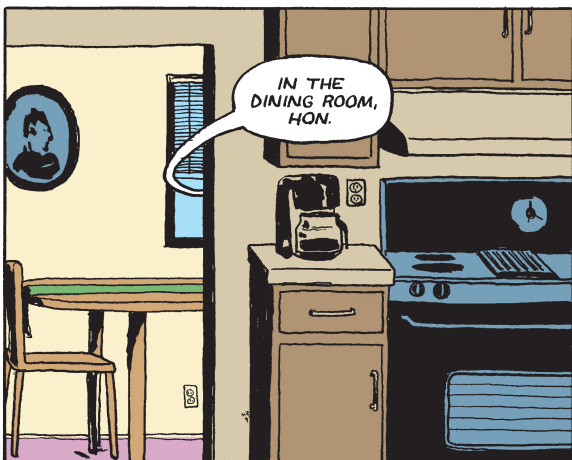




YOU HAVE ONE NEW VOICEMAIL  
FROM PHONE NUMBER:  
517-446-7610

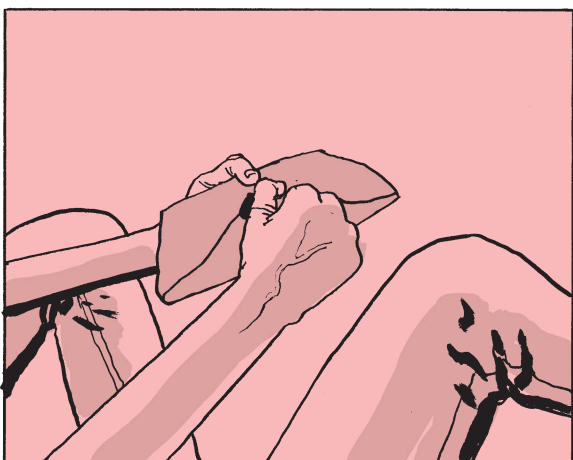
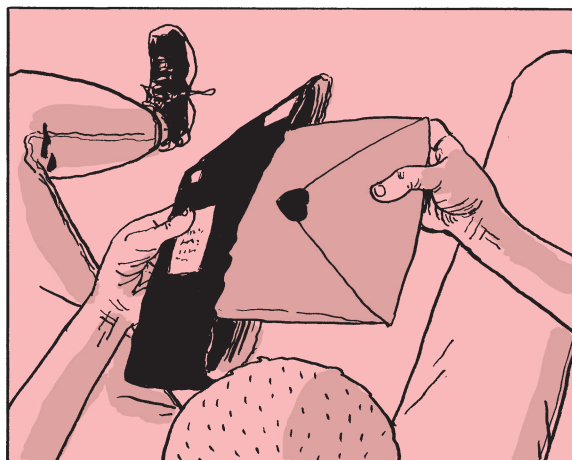
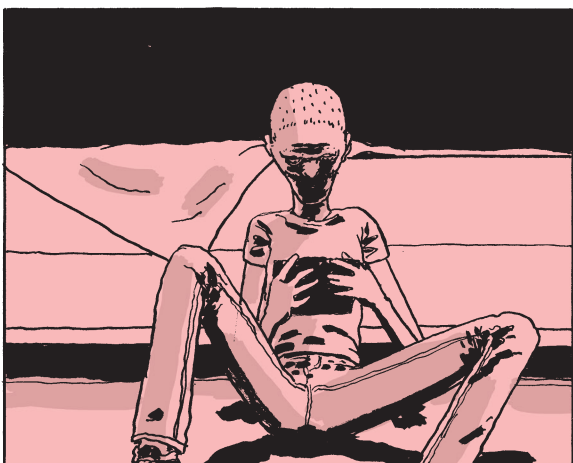
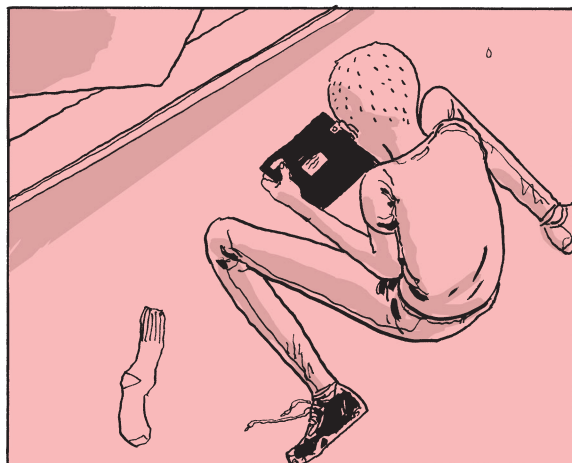
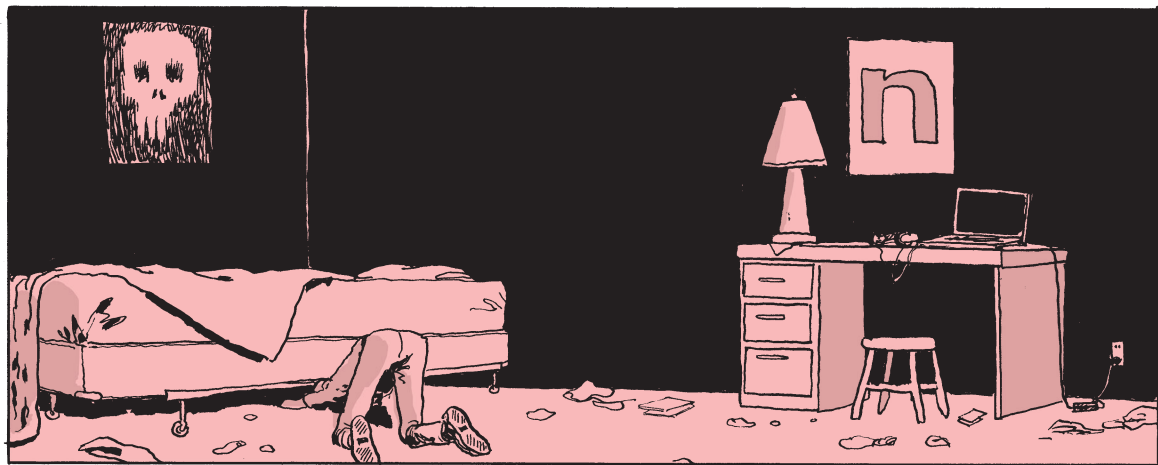
"CHRISTINA, IT'S YOUR MOMMY.  
PLEASE CALL ME A.S.A.P..  
NO... JUST COME OVER, HON..."

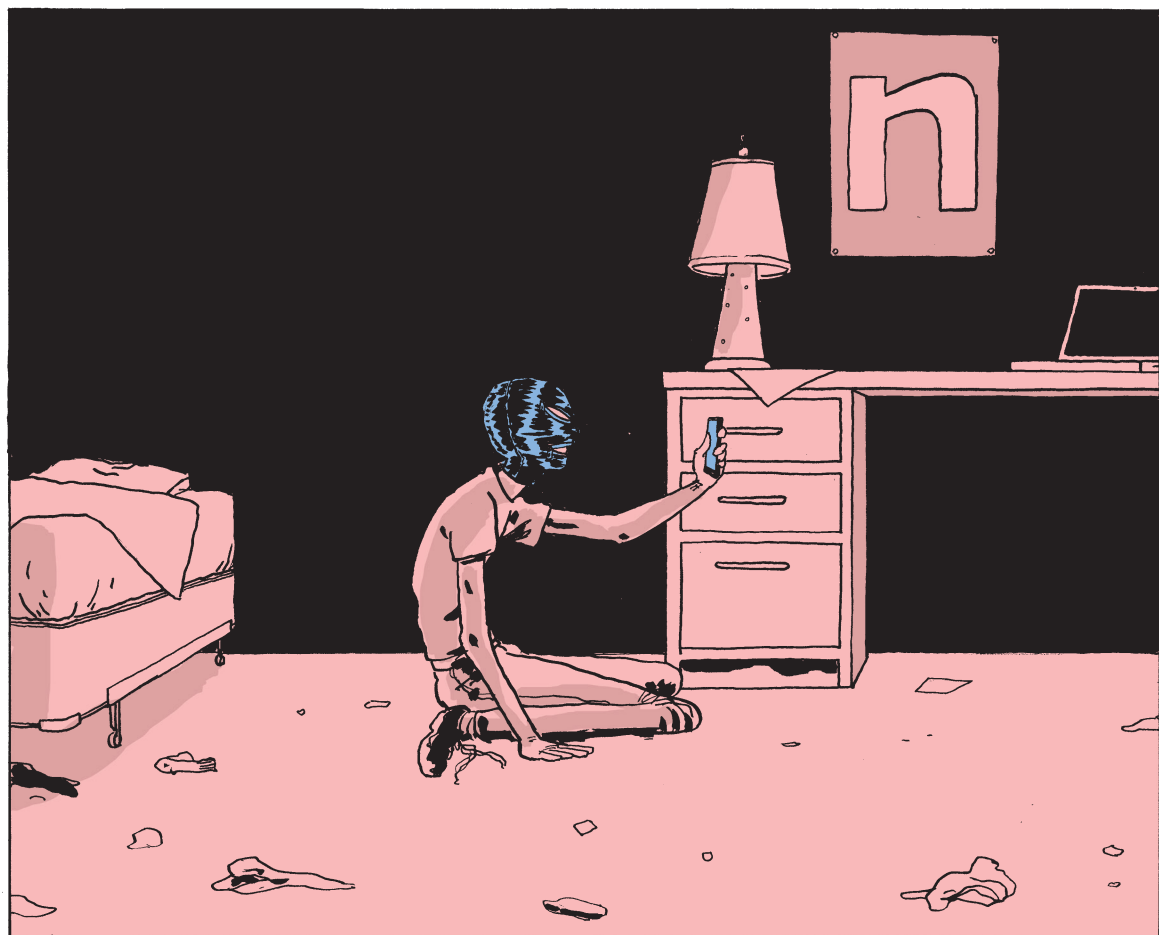
<CLICK>

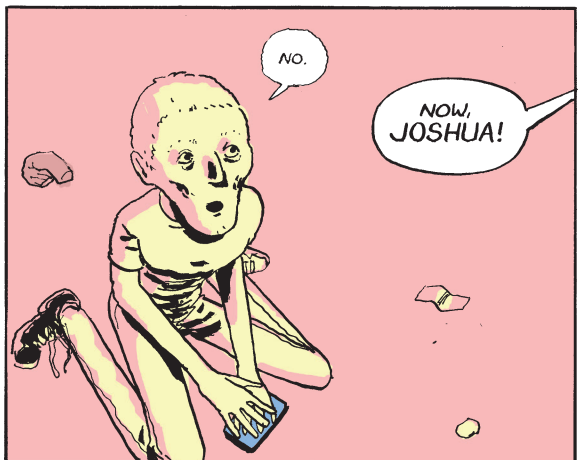
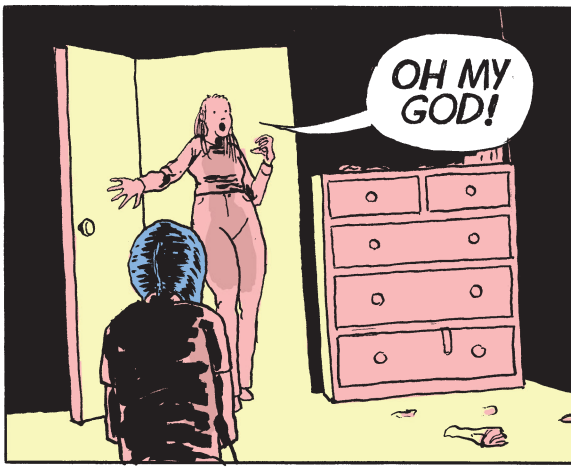




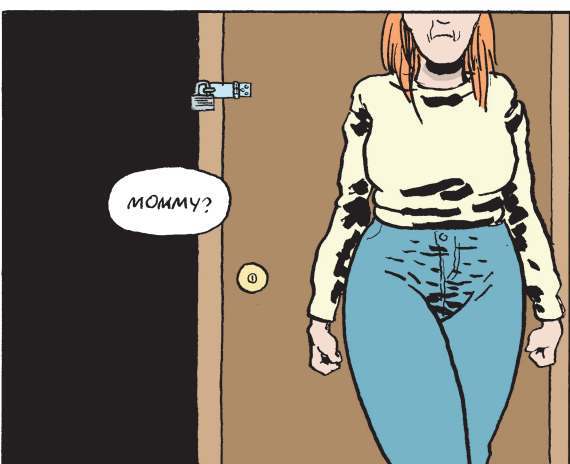
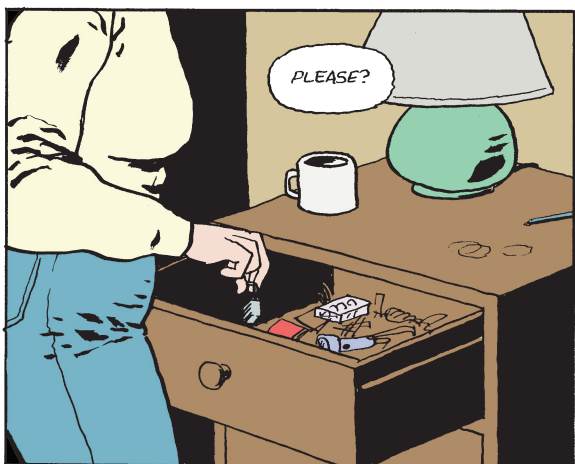
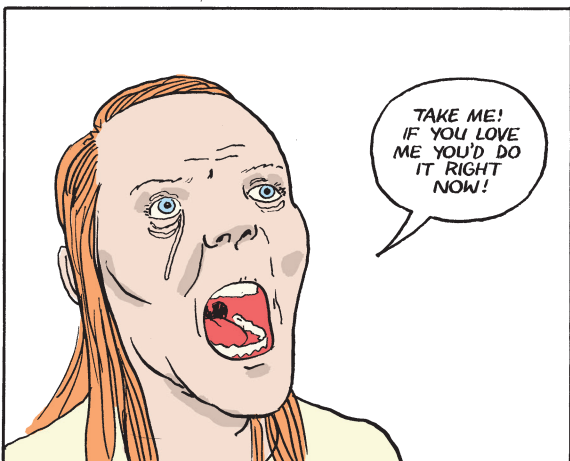
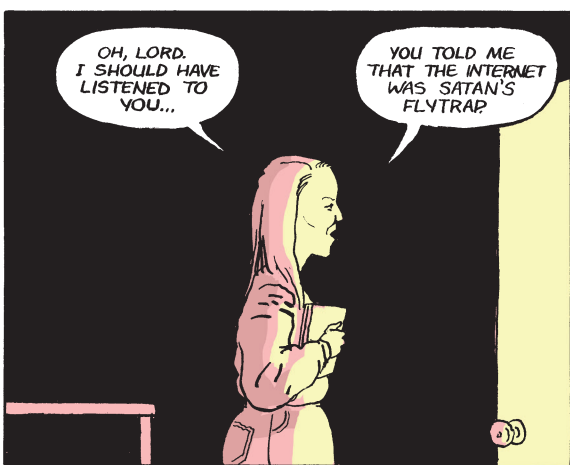
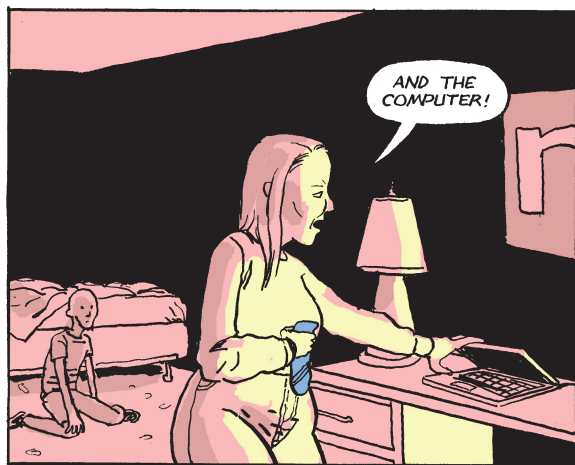


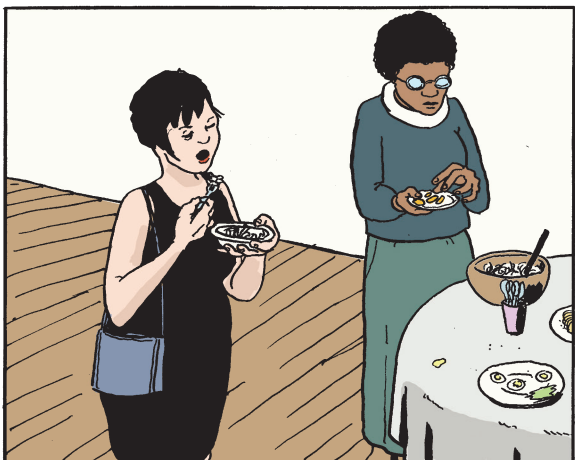
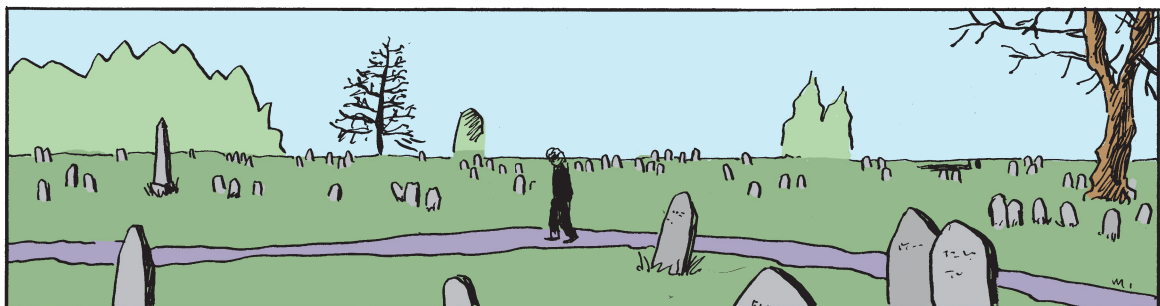
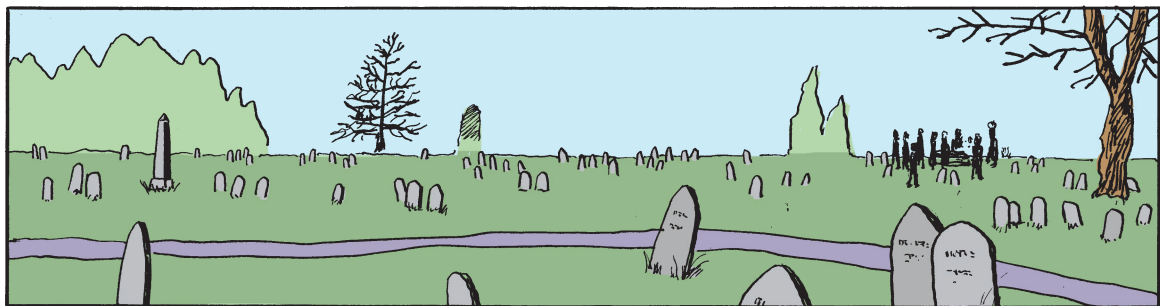










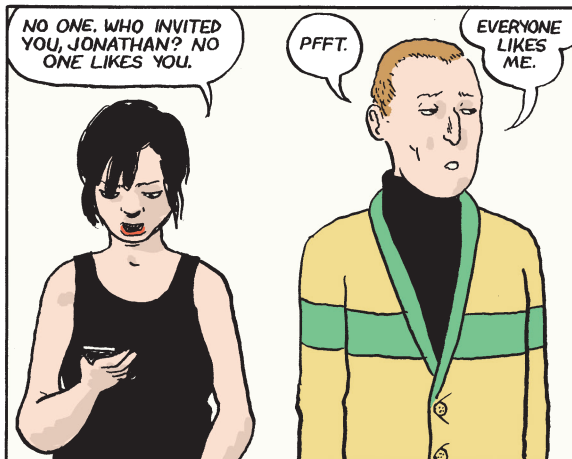




DON'T  
CALL ME  
THAT.



SORRY  
ABOUT YOUR  
DAD.  
WHO ARE YOU  
SEXTING?



NO ONE, WHO INVITED  
YOU, JONATHAN? NO  
ONE LIKES YOU.

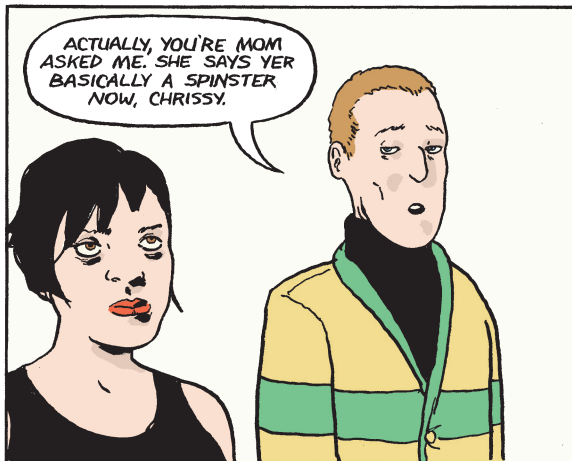
PFFT.

EVERYONE  
LIKES ME.



ALSO,  
YOU DON'T  
GET  
INVITED  
TO A  
FUNERAL.

YOU JUST  
SHOW UP  
YOU DUMB  
BITCH.



ACTUALLY, YOU'RE MOM  
ASKED ME. SHE SAYS YER  
BASICALLY A SPINSTER  
NOW, CHRISSEY.

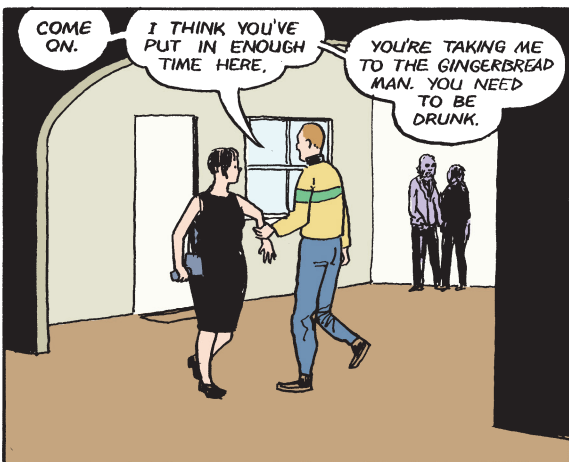


HA!  
YOU AND  
MOM CAN  
GO EAT  
SHIT.



THEREE  
SHE IS,  
YOU HAVEN'T  
CHANGED AT  
ALL, YOU SALTY  
WHORE.

FUCK  
YOU.

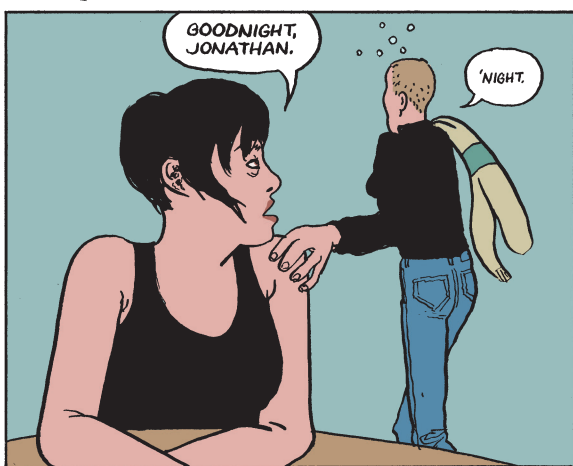
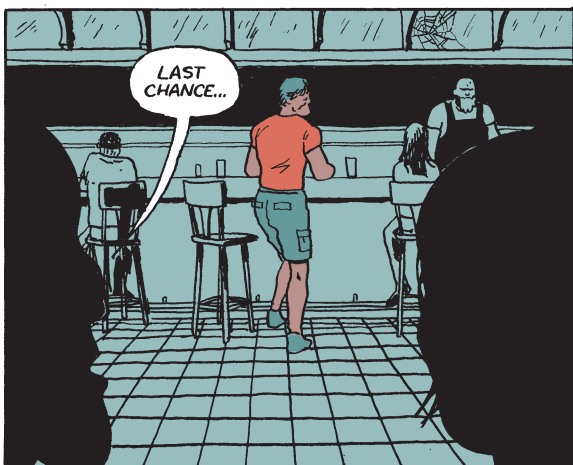


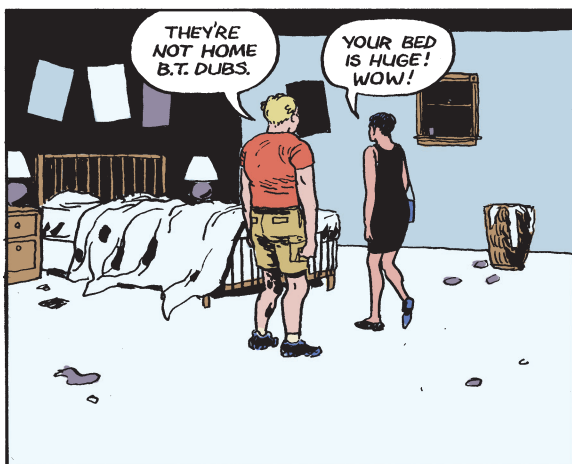
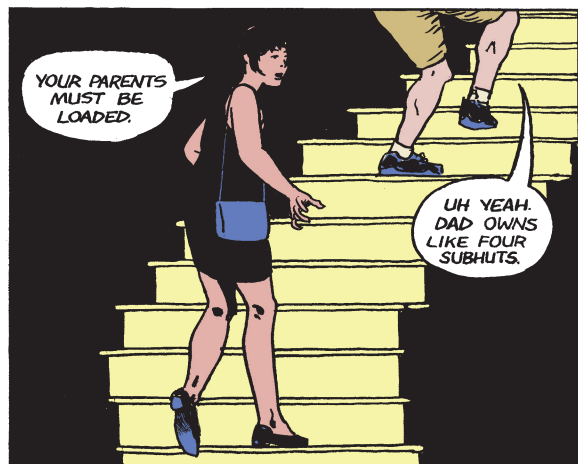
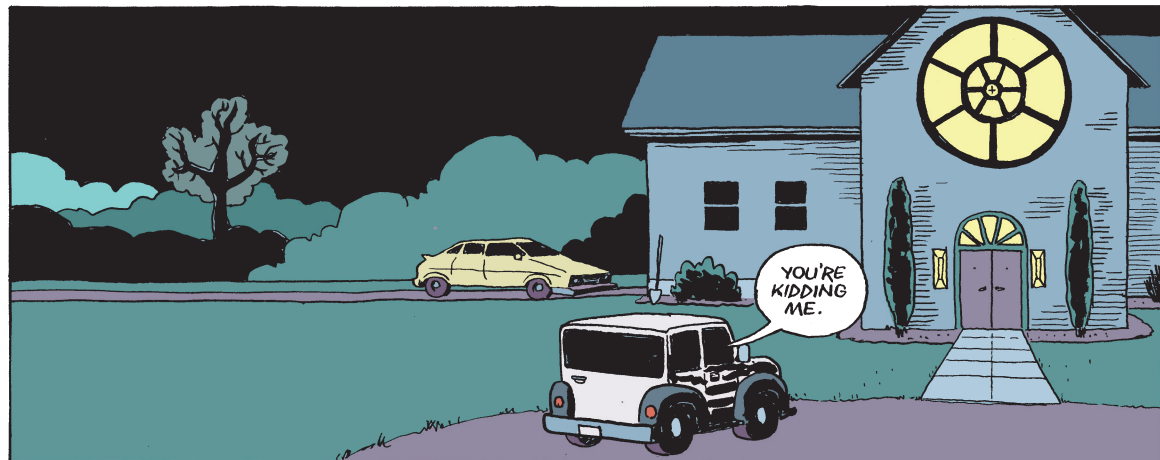
COME  
ON.

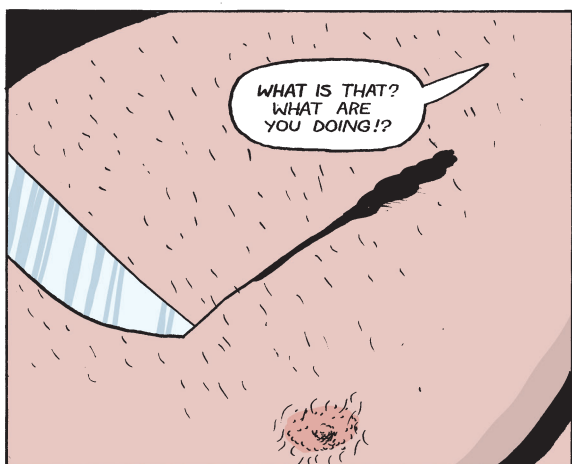
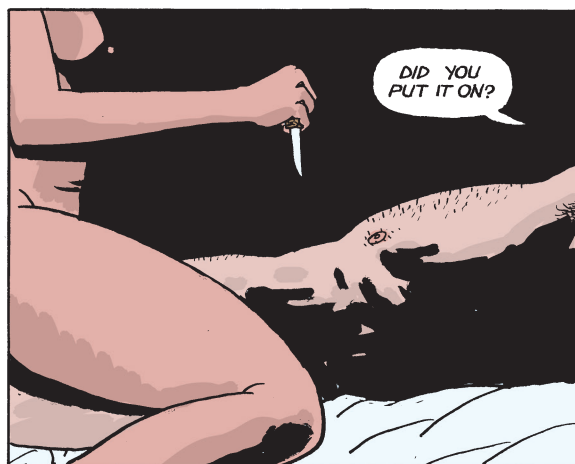
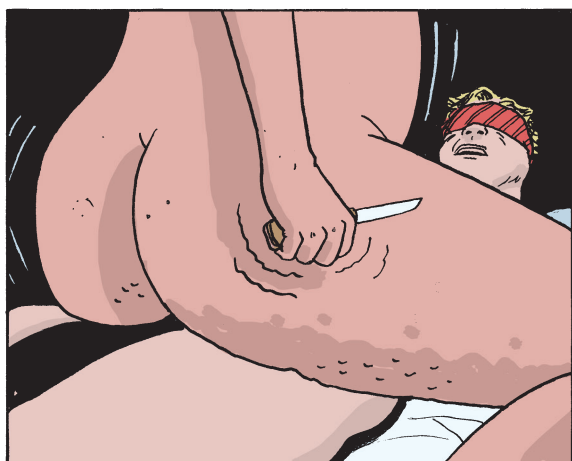
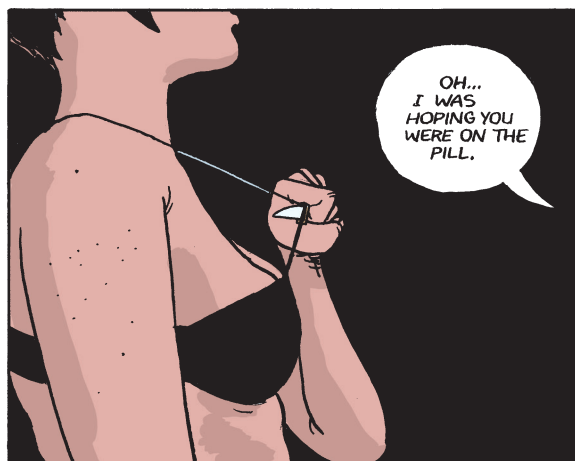
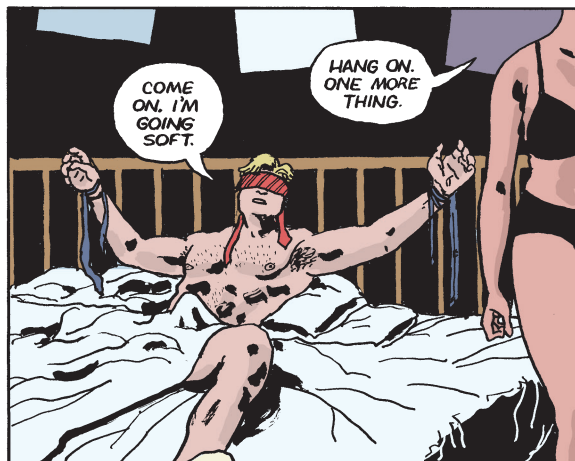
I THINK YOU'VE  
PUT IN ENOUGH  
TIME HERE.

YOU'RE TAKING ME  
TO THE GINGERBREAD  
MAN. YOU NEED  
TO BE  
DRUNK.











# LETTER HACKS

CHUCK@OILYCOMICS.COM @CHARLESFORSMAN ON TWITTER / OILYCOMICS ON INSTAGRAM

It provides. -Ryan Spahr

You've set all these characters up so well. I'm really excited to follow along with this one. I hope everything goes smoothly!

Ben Mitchell

Hey Chuck,  
I absolutely loved the first issue of *Slasher*; it's one of the best first issues I've read in a long time. When I got to the last panel and turned the page, I was furious that it was the end and I'd have to wait another month. I'm really impressed by the way you combined the fucked up real-world relationships of *The End of the Fucking World* with the visual style of *Revenger* while adding a foreboding sense of malice and violence to come. All your comics have been great, but this might be the best one yet.

Edward Corcoran

Holy shit. -Tobey Forsman

Charles!  
That was an enticing part one, or opening, or teaser? I was getting so into it, and suddenly it was over. I don't know where the Hell this is headed story wise and that's exactly how I like it. Just dropping this very short note to plead for more pages and let you know I dug it. Call your letters page "Big James Sharp Shooter."

Tim Hamilton

Dear Chuck,  
I only recently started contributing to the Patreon and what a brilliant time to start. I'm really looking forward to *Slasher* coming out in properly produced, printed product! (With alliteration like this you'd think I'm writing into Marvel circa 1991 or something)  
The cover stands out, the story is the right mix of intriguing and disconcerting and I'm on board to find out more!  
Thanks very much for the preview. It's appreciated.

Regards

Robbie Foggo

Dear Chuck,  
You know how sometimes you hate your friends' success? What a dumb feeling. Hate your enemies' success instead. Crush those fucking losers and hope they die lonely and forgotten. Anyway, we're friends, right? Great first issue.

-Fiffe

I read an interview with John Irving once wherein he decried the fact that upon meeting his readers the most universal of questions was invariably whether or not the twisted characters and situations from his novels were lifted from his real life experiences. Shocked and disappointed he would politely explain that the source material was all drawn from his own imagination.

My memory of this interview gave me great comfort as I read Charles Forsman's latest comic masterpiece *SLASHER*. Upon meeting Chuck at a convention I found him to be an exceedingly normal, well-adjusted and polite young man. Upon delving into his works you will also realize that his everyman normalcy belies an imagination so deviant that you can't help but wonder, as Irving's readers were wont to, whether this is real or just imagination.

The answer of course is that, like Irving, Forsman is a modern master at the height of his craft. He is no more deviant than Robert Crumb or Harvey Pekar. He is an auteur whose signature style rings clearly through every panel and page. His is a vision so unique that to ignore it is to deny yourself a glimpse into the future of comics.

Adventure stories (i.e. comic book stories) are by and large formulaic. The spectator can anticipate what will happen next in almost any super hero comic based on their own past experience as a reader. The details may change (characters, setting, etc...), but the proven and profitable storytelling cadence rarely does. Over time a reader can grow numb to the Joseph Campbell formulas. Like an addict looking to score his next high; the twist ending, the cliffhanger, the denouement no longer satisfies. The adventure story is no longer adventurous when it becomes predictable.

And then, into your life walks Charles Forsman. An unassuming, middling cartoonist whose work reads as a mix of Adrian Tomine meets Clive Barker with a dash of John Waters. The experience of reading Forsman's comics is an omni-conscious one. You are simultaneously questioning your own taste in reading material, Forsman's artistic abilities, and wondering what the fuck might happen with the next turn of the page.

In ten issues of Forsman's *REVENGER* comics I could never tell you what would happen on the next page, much less the next issue. EVER! The corporate publishers have trained you to anticipate every plot point in suspense of each next variable in their formula. But Forsman is having none of that pussy bullshit. To

Forsman the reader is but an innocent bystander who will bear witness to the horrific unfolding actions of people so broken that you will worry about Forsman's own sanity.

Forsman's *REVENGER* was an action adventure story whose genius lie in the quiet moments between action sequences. Moments wherein Forsman would deconstruct (destroy?) the action archetypes of strength, and courage, beauty, and victory. With *SLASHER* he mines even deeper into the quiet and mundane moments in life, and imbues them with an eeriness that is so unsettling you won't be able to look away. Mundanity begets the absurd. Absurdity begets the horrific. And the horror produces a hypnotic sense of voyeurism that will invoke multiple readings just so that you can convince yourself it was not a hallucination. Whereas *REVENGER* was the defender of the defenseless, and helper to the helpless, with *SLASHER* Forsman as creator becomes the avenging angel and empowers the weary, forlorn and misguided to take matters into their own hands.

The first issue of *SLASHER* was expository by necessity, but it is not without its queasy shock value nonetheless. (One image in particular was a stunning jaw-dropper for me.) Turn away from *SLASHER* if you wish. Take refuge in the latest "Spider" "X" "Bat" thingamajig. You will probably sleep better for it. But you will be missing the future of comics unfolding right before our eyes. The superhero genre is dead, the fanboys just don't seem to know it yet. It died with *Watchmen* and has been propped up by its Corporate Overlords like a "Weekend At Bernie's" corpse ever since. Forsman and his ilk own the future. With *SLASHER* #1 he continues to pour a profound foundation of greatness for a hallowed and influential career. A tip of the old hat goes to Floating World Comics for getting it.

I often find myself explaining my love for *REVENGER* by starting with the disclaimer "This is not normally my cup of tea, but..." in order to deflect the inevitable harsh judgment that will come from a seasoned comics connoisseur who realizes that my favorite comic book is a half-baked, self-published indie that doesn't even carry a barcode. With *SLASHER* #1 Forsman has me digging that excuse hole even deeper. You cannot get further off the reservation than this book, but at least this time I have the dignity of a barcode.

Bravo Chuck.  
@com1cbook



\$4.99



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**FLOATING**  
**WORLD COMICS**